



GRAFT

WALLACE IRWIN

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
 Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
 Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
 Copyright, 1915, by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

FOURTH EPISODE

The Power of the People

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Author of "House of Bondage,"
 "Jim," "The Girl Who Goes
 Wrong" and "My Heart
 and Stephanie"

SYNOPSIS.

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney, attacks the liquor and vice trusts. He is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. His son, Bruce Larnigan, is elected district attorney and takes up the fight. Bruce is in love with Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust.

Bruce Larnigan is deceived to an evil report in an effort to frame him up. He has the police commissioner present. A fire starts in a tenement. Larnigan saves the children of Dow, one of the conspirators. This man agrees to expose the trust. He is murdered by the gang.

Stanford Stone, head of the graft syndicate, insists Larnigan must be killed. Gimmens are posted in the park to kill Larnigan in his automobile. Dorothy Maxwell, over the telephone, hears the plot. Two more conspirators are killed and Larnigan again escapes.

BRUCE LARNIGAN, despite his successes over the graft syndicate since his election as district attorney, began to feel after his miraculous escape from the plot to kill him in an explosion in the new subway that his chances of success against the lines he had so far followed were almost hopeless.

Gradually, it seemed to him, tremendous forces were being arrayed against him. The whole power of the city administration was on the side of the enemy. The mayor, with all the departments he employed, showed open antagonism. The newspapers with the single exception of the Independent, were either openly hostile or sullenly indifferent. A great many people who, it seemed to him, should give him enthusiastic support were decidedly lukewarm in the attack. To Dorothy Maxwell, his fiancée and practically the only person in whom he was now able to confide, since he did not want to worry his mother with the details of his troubles, he told of his growing feeling that he was on the wrong road.

"If I thought it was a wonderful thing when I was elected district attorney, dear," he said to her. "But the office has tied my hands again and again. Things that I could do if I were a private citizen, I am barred from even attempting. Just for one thing—the graft conspiracy, I am convinced, is a country wide."

"If I'm confined to New York alone, but as district attorney I can't go outside the city. My jurisdiction stops there."

"But you can go outside to get evidence," she suggested.

"The minute I do that they'll accuse me of neglecting my duty to pursue a fantastic conspiracy that, they say, has no existence at all except in my own brain. The best thing they say about me is that I'm visionary—a lunatic. Most of them say, whether they actually believe it or not, that I'm a crook."

"It's an outrage!" said Dorothy, with a biting cry.

"Well, what do you think? It seems to me that I ought to resign as district attorney at once. I've been talking to Bart Nash. He's the editor of the Independent, you know—the man who gave Jim Stevens a job when Jim was fired for helping me to get the graft on the traction grafters."

"What does he say?"

"He agrees with me—that I ought to resign. He has promised me the support of his paper if I undertake to carry on the fight by a direct appeal to the people. That's my chance as I see it to get the people stirred up so that they will really demand action. So far they don't believe in me. But I can make them do it, I'm sure."

"Then if he thinks that, and you feel as you do, I think you ought to resign," said Dorothy. "It's you that have to make the decision, Bruce. I'm right with you, whatever you do."

"Come, come," said Bruce, "I thought you'd come with me. I shall resign at once. And the first move in my new fight will be against the graft trust."

"I didn't know there was one."

"There is, and a particularly good one. It's responsible for the rise in the price of bread. There's plenty of wheat, but they're creating an artificial shortage to send up prices. There's no shortage at all for the rice. It's the wheat that's scarce. I shall go to Chicago at once. That's the place where I can get the wheat. I shall get it at a low price and sell it here in New York at a high price. I shall make a fortune."

"Mr. Dodson!" said Dorothy, deeply shocked. "Why, he's one of papa's best friends!"

"That's just the trouble," said Bruce grittingly. "It's because men who are universally supposed to be honorable and decent, and who occupy high and high positions, are at the bottom of all the crookedness that it's so hard for me to reach them."

Stanford Stone, the secret head of the graft syndicate and Bruce's great enemy, was not deceived by Bruce's resignation of his office, which filled some of Stone's associates with delight.

"He hasn't given up," he said. "Don't be fooled for a minute by his resignation. That's just a blind. He's going to keep on fighting, and it's more important than ever to put him out of the way. I know, for instance, that he's going to Chicago tomorrow to try to get evidence against Dodson and his grain shortage. Black's gone, but I've got another man to follow him."

So it came about that there traveled with Bruce, following him as closely as his own shadow, a desperado known to the police of a score of cities as Red Mike. Mike meant to earn his money. With Bruce gone, Stanford Stone left no more unmade in New York that might help to achieve his object. His first blow was struck at the Independent. A hint was enough. With one accord advertisers withdrew their support until the paper faced a staggering loss. And Stone went further. His agents approached stockholders, who, frightened by the loss of earnings, were glad to sell their holdings. So Stone came into control of a great block of Independent stock and was able to apply for its receivership and so force the suspension, for a time at least, of the paper's publication.

At his instance, too, suits were brought against Bruce for criminal libel and for heavy damages by the men he had accused in connection with the traction trust exposure. These were strike suits, which could not succeed when they were brought to trial, but it was not Stone's purpose to let them come to trial. They served as an excuse for attaching Bruce's bank account and his home, and this was done. Bruce's mother was terrified by threats of ejectment from her home, and Stone relied upon her pleadings to induce Bruce to abandon his fight, even if his well laid plans to put Bruce out of the way should not succeed.

Even so, however, Stone was not content. He felt that Bruce still pos-



"Leave things to me. I'll get through somehow," said Tom.

seemed one thing that he covered—the love of Dorothy Maxwell. The arrangement of the two had not been announced, but it was a more or less open secret. And now Stone, relying upon his hold over Roger Maxwell, his father, ventured openly to go to Dorothy and ask her to marry him. He was promptly refused, but would not take his answer. He wanted reasons, and Dorothy reluctantly told him of the plot to kill Bruce and that she had overheard by means of the telephone in his office. To her amazement, Stone made no denial.

"I am his enemy," he said coolly. "I admit it. What of it? Your own father is associated with me. Larnigan's success would mean even more to him than to me."

"I don't believe you!" cried Dorothy desperately.

"But you did. It explains so much that has troubled and mystified her. And Roger is dead when she begged him to deny what Stone had said. Confound it! I don't know how to let her see that I was in some effort at least in Stone's power. It was a dramatic idea that Dorothy, faced with Bruce's impossible case, even, captured as she was, in a bitter, self-sacrificing way."

And, even so, she did not know how great were the perils that dogged Bruce's trail. Red Mike, like some skulking beast of prey, waited for his chance to strike. A dozen times he held his hand, inspired by the animal cunning that was his, waiting to make sure.

Meanwhile Bruce found plenty of evidence. He was disturbed by the news that came to him from Bart Nash and Jim Stevens, but decided that it was better for him to stick to his own part of the work instead of going back to help them. He felt that he was on the trail of real facts, which would prove terribly damaging to the enemy.

At last there came the chance he had waited. A man he had bribed told him of a plan to send a schooner out on Lake Michigan from Chicago heavily laden with grain.

"Go along," he told Bruce. "You'll see something worth while."

And Bruce did. Concealed in a boat, he saw the crew, under orders from the captain, dumping the perfectly good grain into the lake. It was so that Dodson's men were creating the shortage he was using as his excuse for raising the price of bread to the poor. This Bruce knew would serve



"I've ordered the price back. For God's sake take them away," said Dodson.

his cause; the facts would speak for themselves. And he had a small camera with him, with which he took photographs of the dumping.

It was that, however, which was his undoing. He had to expose himself as he took the pictures, and some keen eye among the men saw him. In a moment he was dragged from the boat.

"It's a spy!" cried some burly ruffian.

And a moment later Bruce was fighting for his life. He fought well, but the odds were too great. He was overpowered in no time and savagely beaten. But then the plotters made a fatal mistake. Left alone Bruce might soon have died. But they threw him overboard.

The cold water revived him to some extent, and he was able to cling to a floating spar that came providentially within his reach. And an hour later he was spied from the deck of a yacht and picked up. He was unconscious when he was dragged on board. When he came to an hour later a strange man bent over his cot.

"Are you Bruce Larnigan," he said hoarsely. "Like the papers in your pocket say?"

"I am," said Bruce, astonished at the other's emotion.

"Bruce—I'm Tom—you're my brother!" said the stranger.

It was a wonderful tale they made of it between them. Tom left home in a fit of boyish passion years before. He had disappeared, and the family had long since believed him dead.

"I didn't have the heart to go home a failure, Bruce," he confessed after he had heard Bruce's story. "But, by the Lord, I'll go home now and do the work you set out to do. You'll be in a hospital for a spell, old chap, and you're lucky at that. But leave things to me. I'll get through somehow."

So Tom went east in Bruce's place. He carried a letter to Dorothy Maxwell, and he carried also an absolute determination to defeat the graft syndicate and do Bruce's work until Bruce recovered.

But his arrival at home dismayed him. He learned of his mother's sufferings, and he learned, too, that Dorothy Maxwell, the girl Bruce loved and trusted, was engaged to Stanford Stone.

"I'll play a lone hand, then," he said defiantly to himself. "I'll not deliver Bruce's letter. But I'll get this man Dodson by myself."

Chance guided him to a meeting of the poor held in protest against the rise in the price of bread. Tom Larnigan seized his chance. In a moment he displaced the speaker.

"This is a time to act—not to talk!" he cried. "Follow me! I'll lead you to the man who raised the price of bread!"

With a roar like that of a pack of wolves the crowd followed him, growing greater at every step, until at last it stormed the doors of the great office building in which Stanford Dodson had his office, surged up to his office, and beat down all guards and barriers until it was at the very door. Then Tom went in alone to find the great man cowering at his feet.

"Stand I let them in," he asked, "or will you stand, you say?"

"I've ordered the price back to the old figures," cried the frightened Dodson. "For God's sake take them away!"

Tom believed him. He told the crowd they had won their fight. And even as he spoke a shot rang out. Dodson had killed himself.

INSTRUCTIONS WERE FOUND ON SUBMARINE

Documents Named Points in Sea of Marmora Where Allies Kept Supplies.

Constantinople, Dec. 24.—The destruction, a few days ago, of a British submarine of the "cruiser" class, was due largely to the fact that on a captured French submarine, the Turquoise, were found certain secret instructions concerning the operations of the allied submarine fleet in the Sea of Marmora. These documents, besides naming the Marmora coast points where supplies could be obtained by the allied submarines, also threw a light on the movements of these vessels. In pursuance of the information thus obtained, the German submarine N. B. 14, waylaid the Turquoise into her side. Twenty-four men were drowned, while the craft's three officers and another five of the crew, most of them wounded, were made prisoners.

That the allied submarines in the Marmora were being supplied with necessities for the lake itself had been the contention of the Ottoman authorities for some time. It had been impossible, however, to obtain accurate information. Since it was felt that an end had to be put to this state of affairs, the Turkish government declared the entire Marmora coast a "closed zone," into which no ship of any sort could venture without a special permit and a representative of the Ottoman marine department aboard. Nevertheless a large number of Greeks, in some cases also Turks, ventured into the forbidden waters. Heavy sentences of penal servitude, in some instances terms of eight years, were imposed upon them. Notwithstanding this the traffic continued until quite recently.

The papers found on the Turquoise show also that the newer and larger types of British submarines use coal as fuel. In the list of "bases" in the Marmora Sea are several places where coal would be obtained. Turkish patrol boats had reported that they had seen submarines from whose funnels coal smoke issued. At the time this was not believed. It has been learned since then that the principle of locomotion, above and below the surface, remain the same, with the difference that the submarine so obviating its power must replenish its electric storage batteries at night when nothing but sparks from the funnel could reveal its presence.

In connection with the efforts of the Turkish authorities to prevent military activity on the Sea of Marmora, a rather amusing incident occurred. Certain German submarines were in the habit of dining at one of Pera's best hotels. So did the officers of an English submarine on at least one occasion. At that time the Turkish government, as it does even today, permitted the subjects of hostile governments to move freely about Constantinople. Dining one day at this hotel, the commander of a German submarine was given by the waiter a letter which bore his full name and address. The waiter said that on the previous evening the letter had been sent by a party of five, one of whom seemed to be an American.

The letter contained greetings from

the officers of the British submarine to the officers of the German submarine. It was couched in friendly terms, showing further that the sponsors of the letter were of a sportive turn of mind. They would meet some day, joked the writer of the message, and then they would see who would get the best of it.

Whether or not the waiter was right in his assertion that an American had been in the party, is hard to say. At any rate, the Turkish government began to keep close watch on the United States station ship Scorpion. While the vessel still lay at its moorings off Kabaia, Turkish motorboats patrolled the adjacent waters constantly, while at the jetty, which the crew and visitors of the Scorpion had to use, police officials inquired closely into the purpose of every trip to or from the vessel. A little later the Turkish government, on the plea that the moorings of the Scorpion were no longer safe, insisted that the vessel take a new station in the Golden Horn, beyond the new and old bridges, at a point where British submarines could not endanger her. The protests of Ambassador Morgenthau against this uncompromising procedure on the part of the Turkish government were useless. The commander of the Scorpion, Captain Morton, said that the suspicions on which the Turkish government had acted were devoid of all justification.

CATHEDRAL ABANDONED

Old Building in Stripped by Russians Before Leaving.

Warsaw, Dec. 27.—In the center of the "Bachsenplatz" of "Saxony Square" and surrounded by buildings that date back to the time when the Saxons possessed Warsaw, stands the immense Russian cathedral with its many gilded domes.

Formerly a huge bell hung in each of the domes. Lest the Germans should make use of the metals, the Russians, before evacuating Warsaw, removed all but one. That one was to have been taken away too, but workmen bungled, let it slip and watched helplessly as it plunged to the ground and buried itself yards deep in the soft soil around the church. The Germans have, with more or less difficulty, dug it out.

The interior of the huge church has been stripped clean. The altar with its rich furnishings is gone, the portable paintings are missing, and holes in the wall indicate the former location of mosaics. Not a stick of furniture remains, and the entire building has the appearance of a barn with stone instead of wooden walls.

An effort was made at first to adapt the cathedral to its original purpose, and to use it for religious services. The acoustic properties, however, were found to be so unusually poor that the plan had to be abandoned, and it now stands empty and forlorn.

Custom Dispensed With.

London, Dec. 27.—The usual custom of the king and queen of sending Christmas cards to the soldiers at the front will be dispensed with this year, as it is realized that some millions of cards sent over the world would be an enormous extra burden on the postoffice, whose resources are already heavily taxed. A year ago, when most of the army was in France and Flanders, the dispatch of cards was a simple matter. But in the shops the sale of Christmas cards is larger than usual this year on account of people saving money on presents.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
 The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

MAKE ELASTICITY
 CUT YOUR
 HOUSEWORK
 IN
 TWO



Adopt Modern Methods In Your Home
 You Use the Latest Devices In Your Business.
 Southern Public Utilities Co.
 Phone 223

Ponce de Leon

Sought across the seas his lost youth in Florida's magic fountain. We older folks behold again argosies freighted with gilded, golden, gorgeous expectations floating down the stream of childhood into the port of fulfilled dreams when our lids approach the cold hearth on Christmas morning.

SLOAN



See in the Dramatic Spectacle EVERYWOMAN, Anderson Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 29